THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ENGELBREIT

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Readers of all ages are invited into the enchanted world of Mary Engelbreit in this sparkling edition of Clement C. Moore's classic poem. It's the night before Christmas, and all through the house is an anticipation so magical that it could only mean one thing . . . Santa is on his way! Mary has filled every page with spectacular details, rich color, and memorable characters. Make this joyous rendition a part of your yuletide tradition!

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Mary Engelbreit has authored and illustrated several *New York Times* bestselling titles, including *Mary Engelbreit's Mother Goose* and *Mary Engelbreit's A Merry Little Christmas*. Her distinctive designs, which have made her a celebrity to millions, can be found on gift items, calendars, books, fabrics, and more.

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Mary Engelbreit

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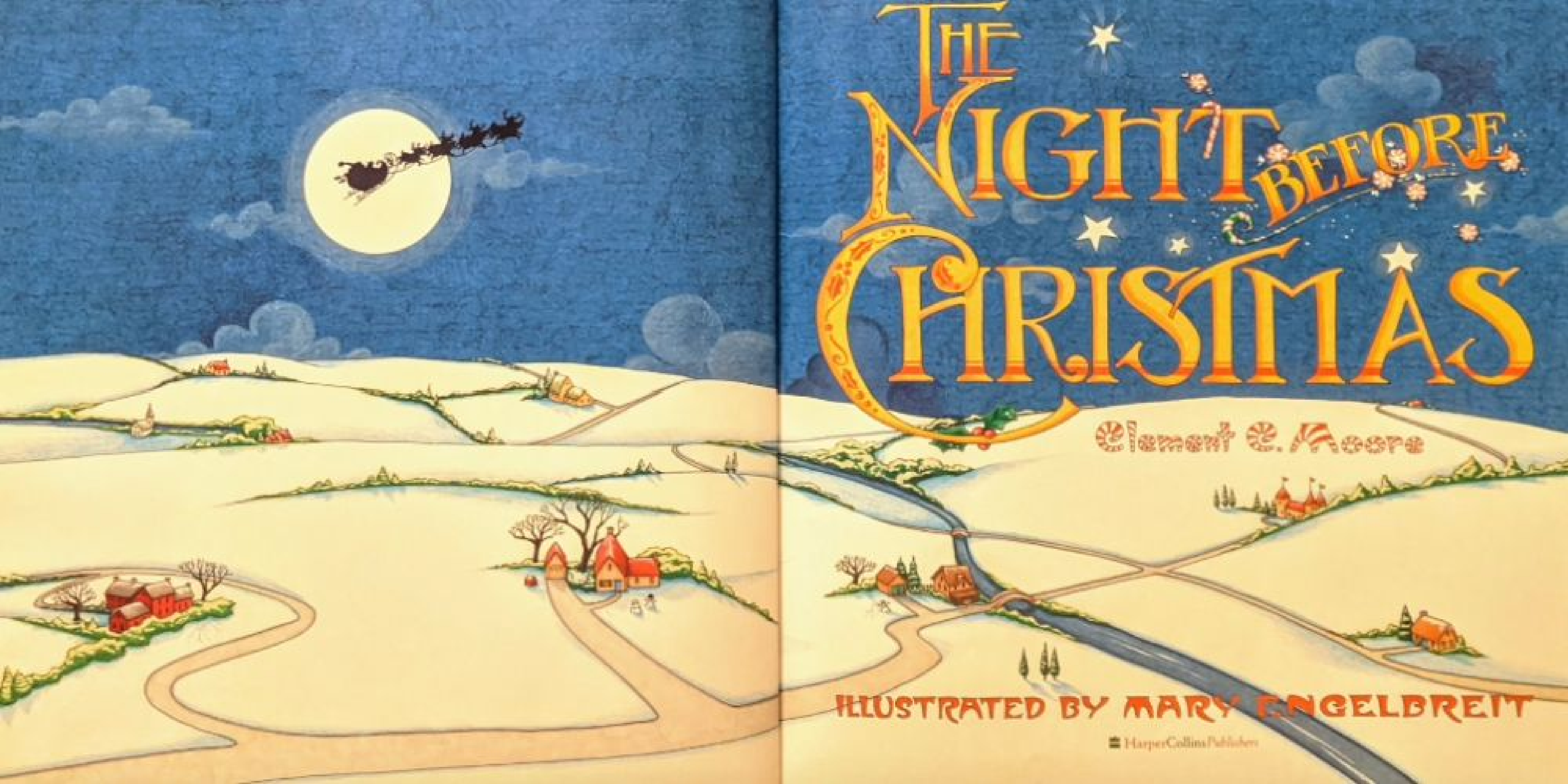

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Clement C. Moore

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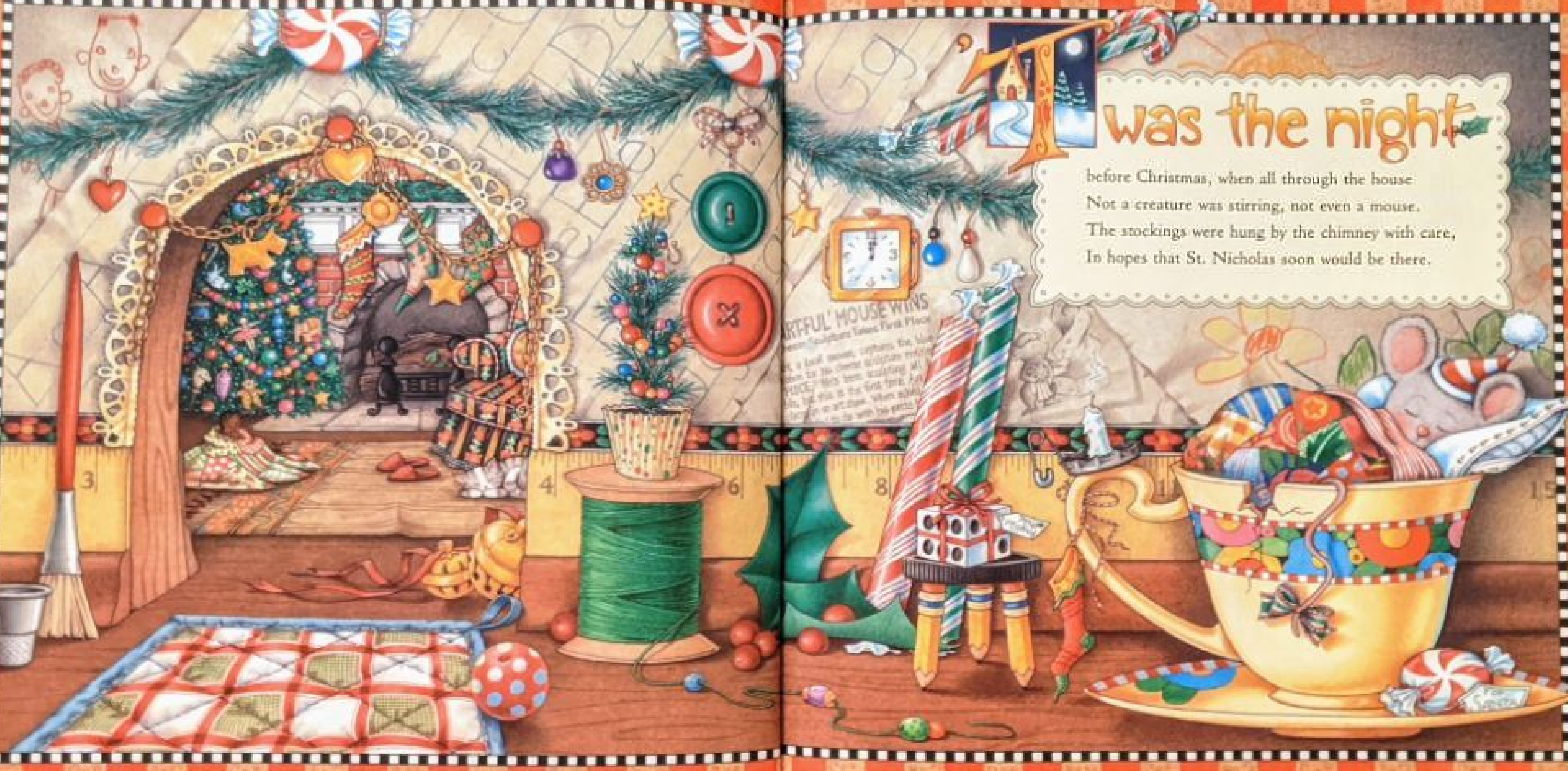
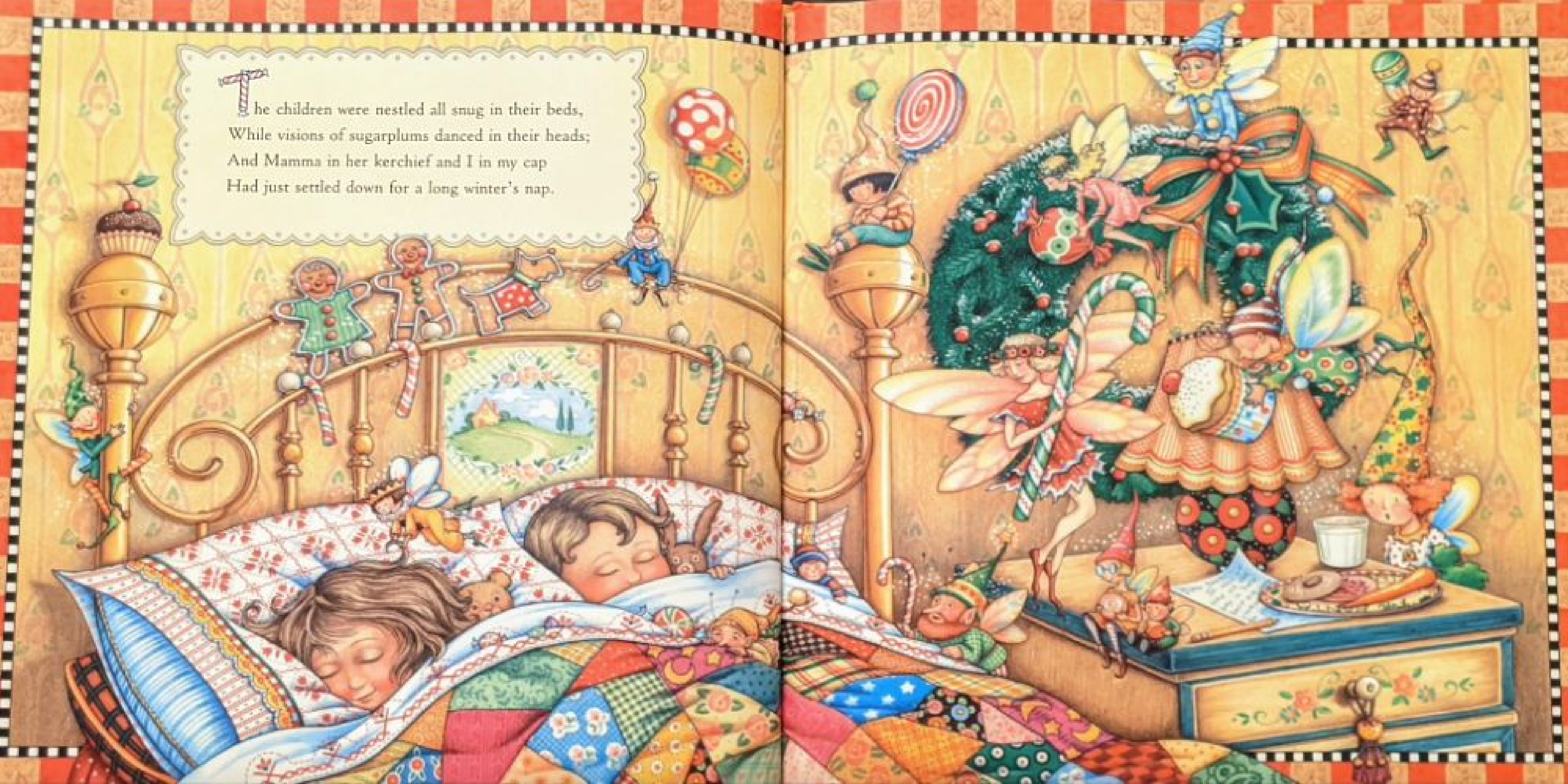
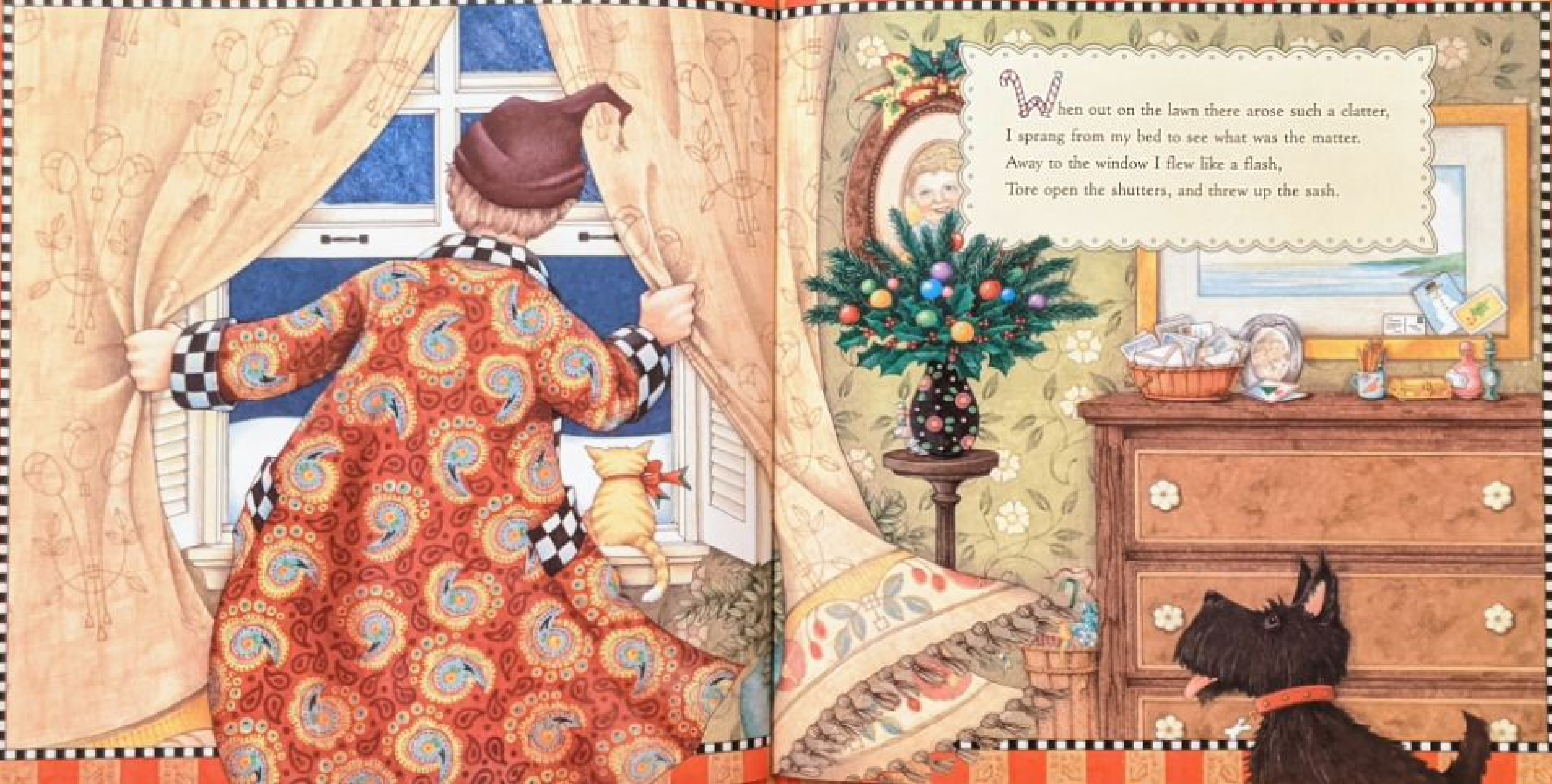


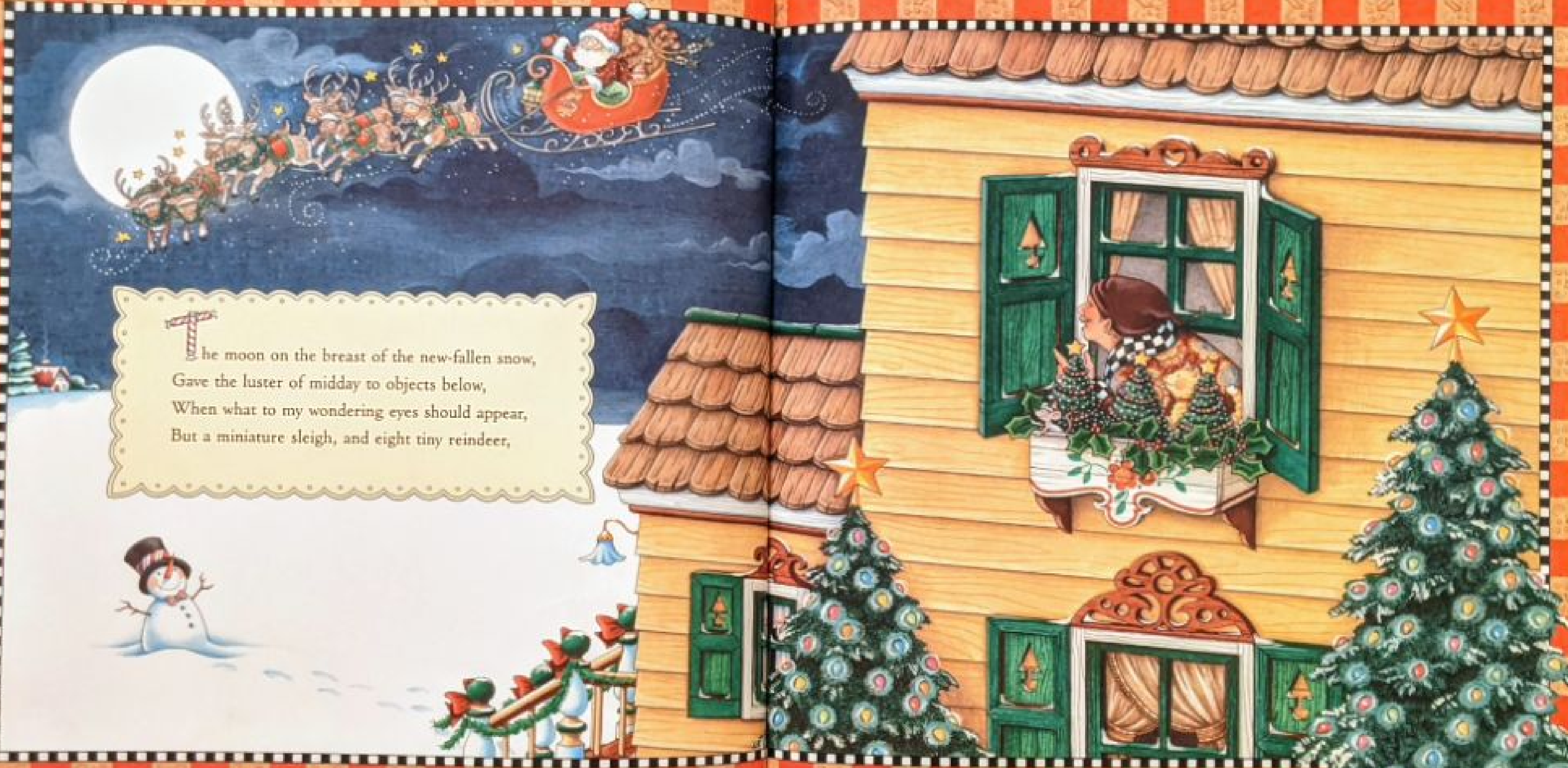
'Twas the night
before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

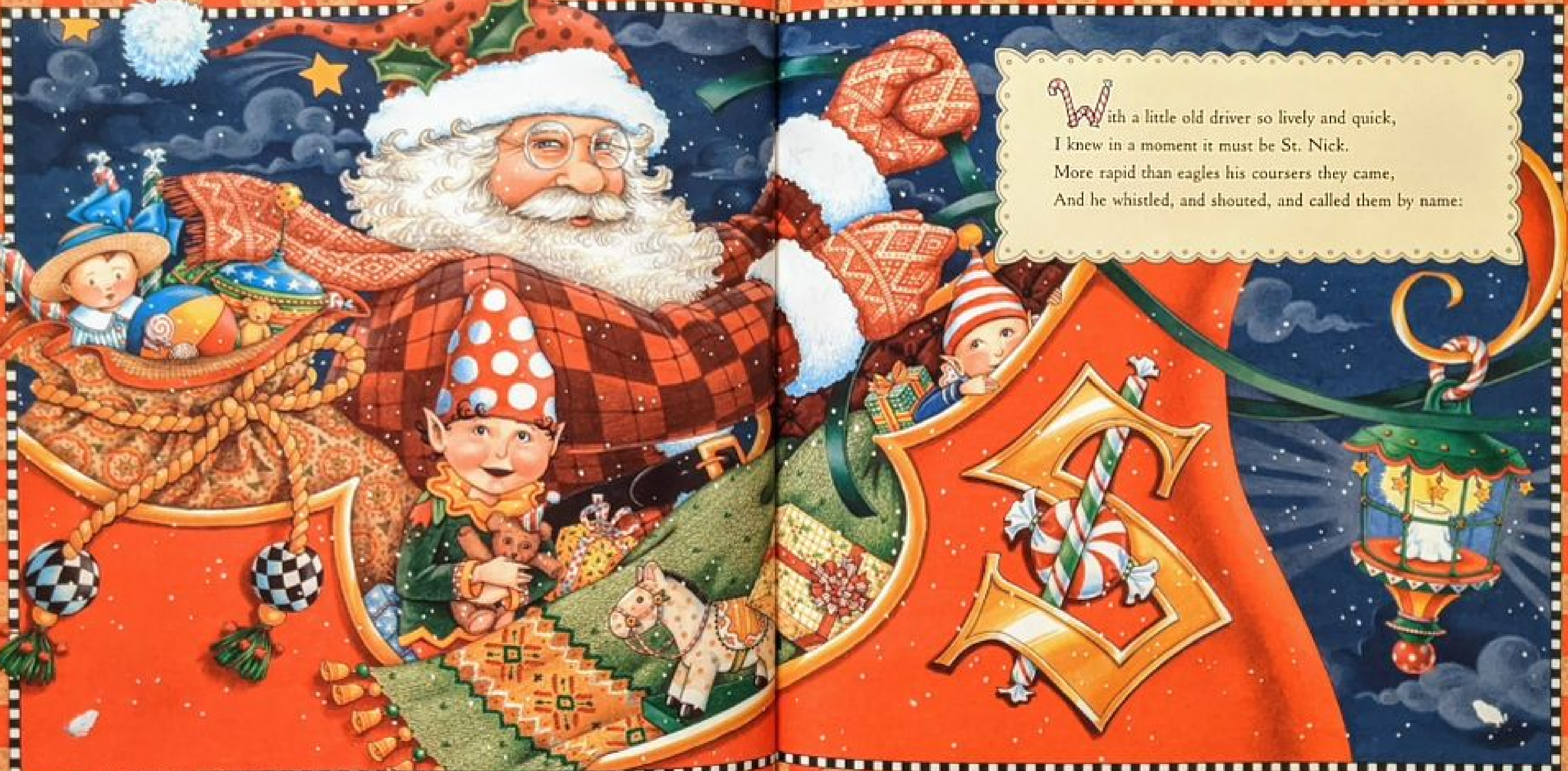




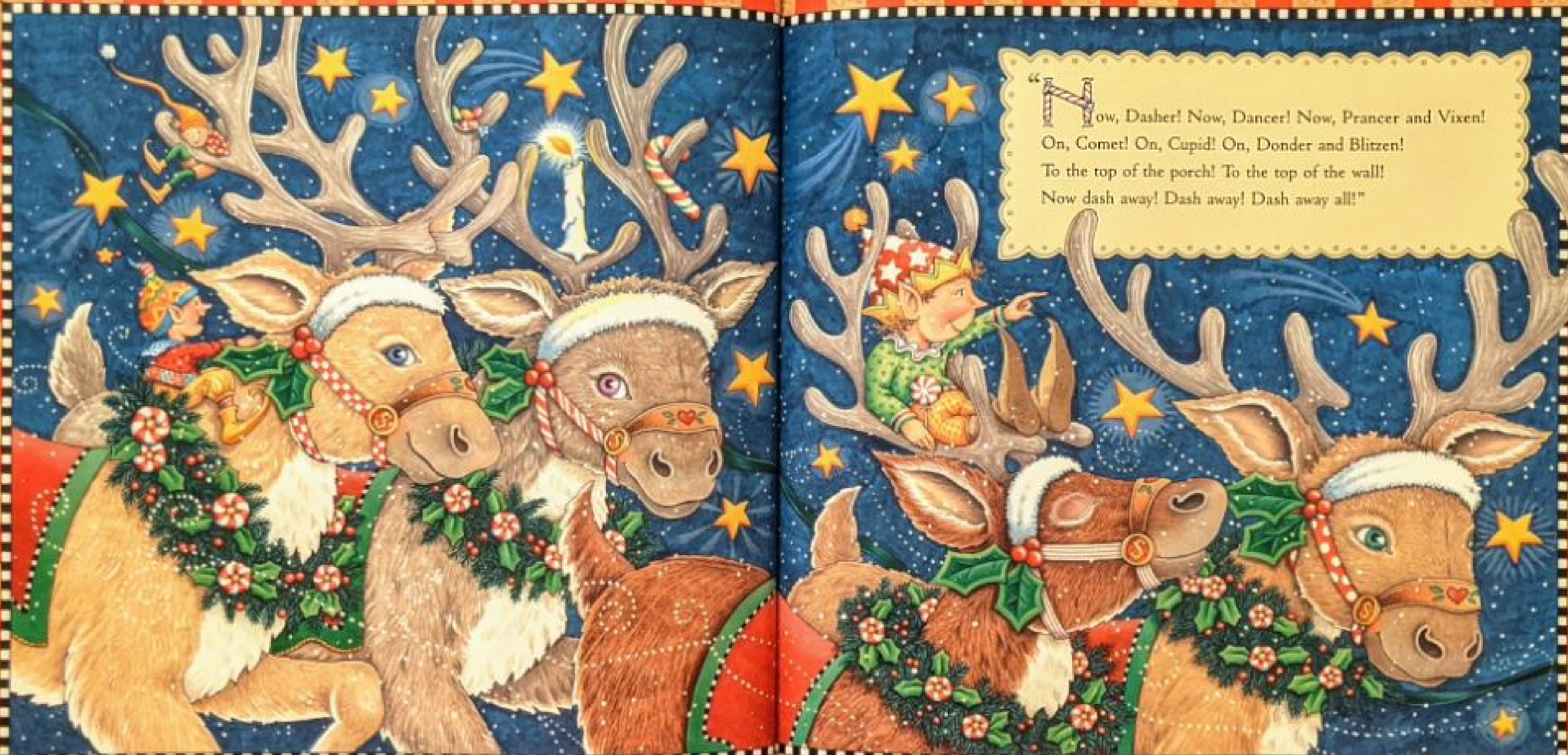
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.



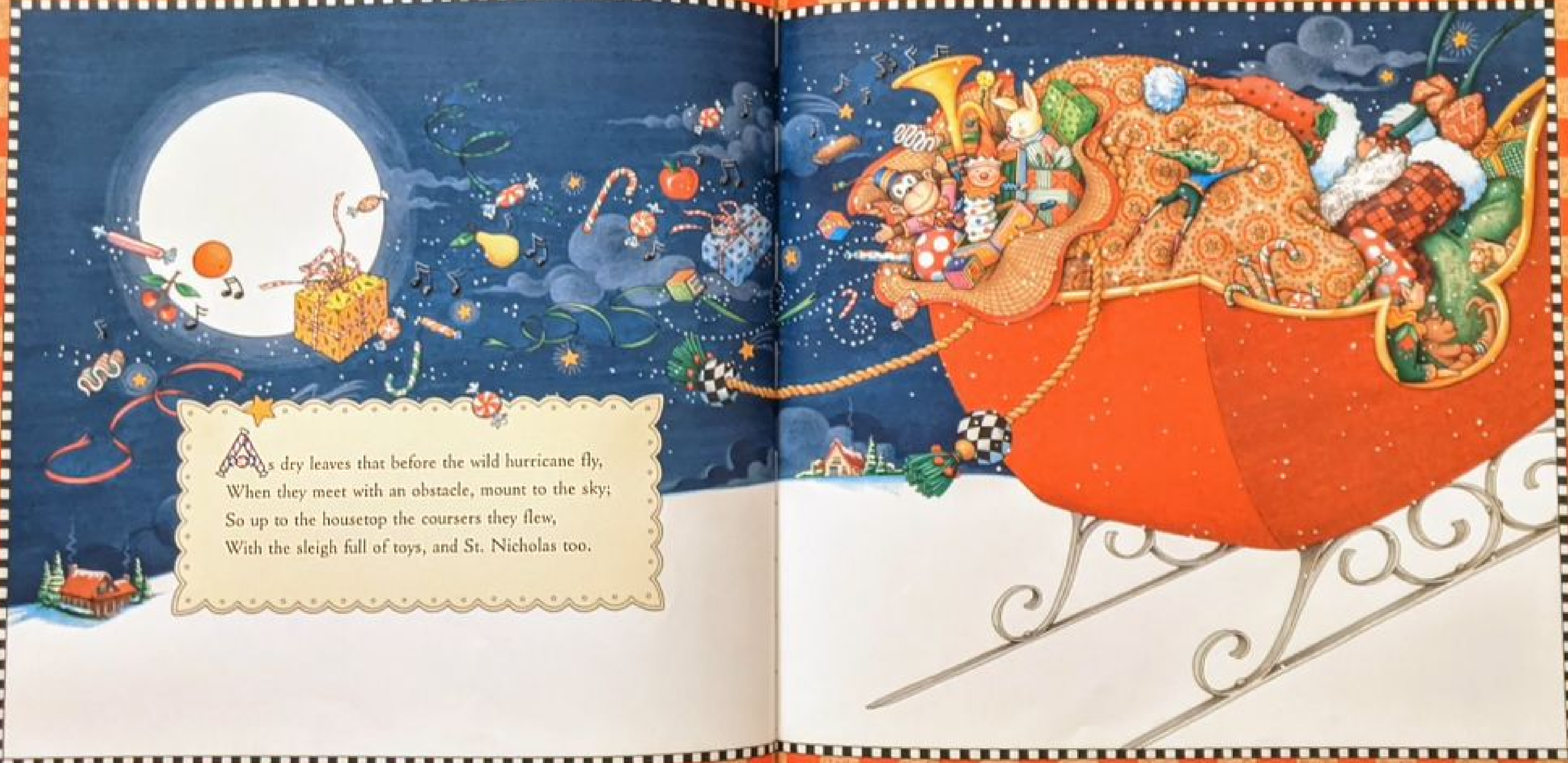
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,



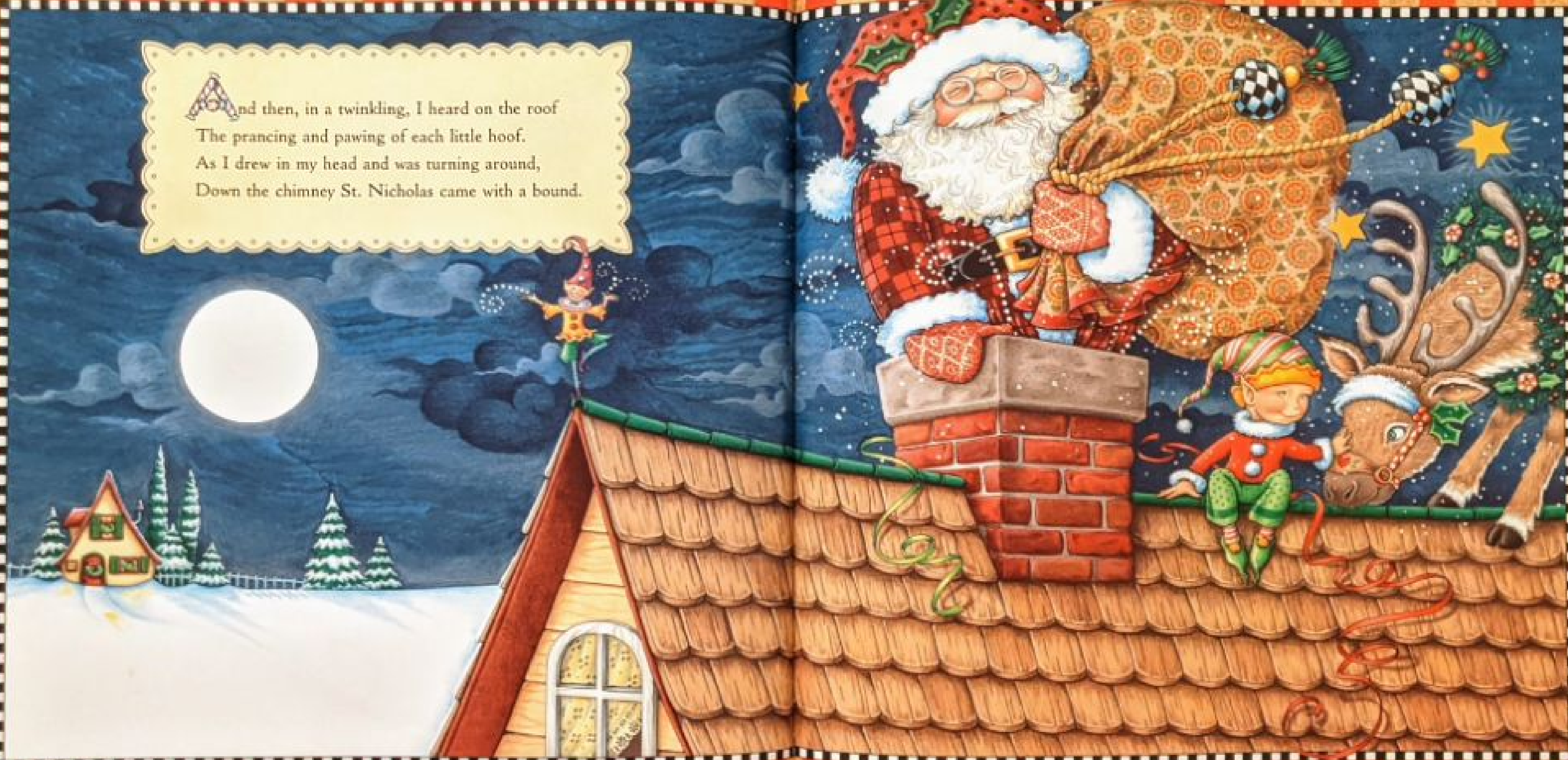
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:



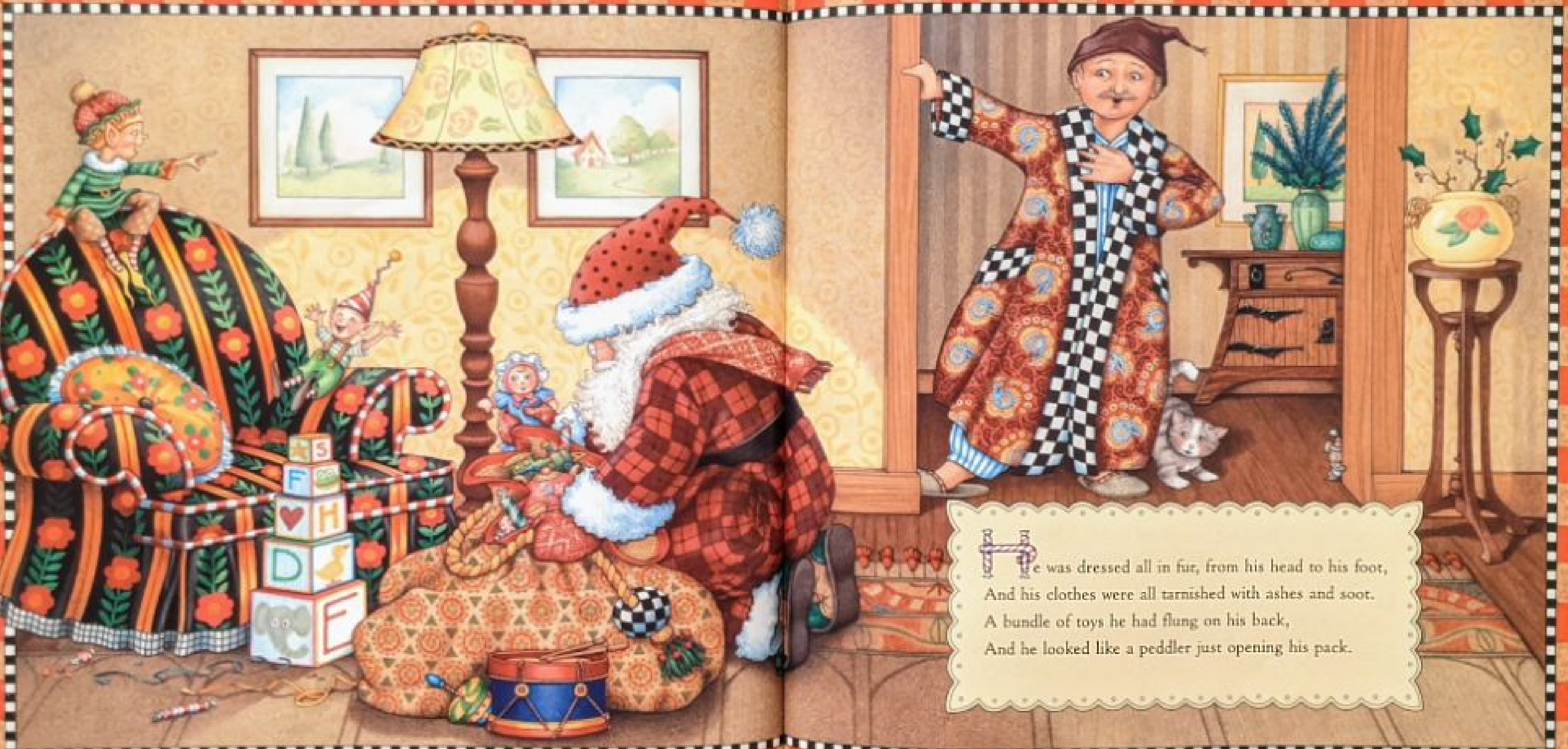
"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"



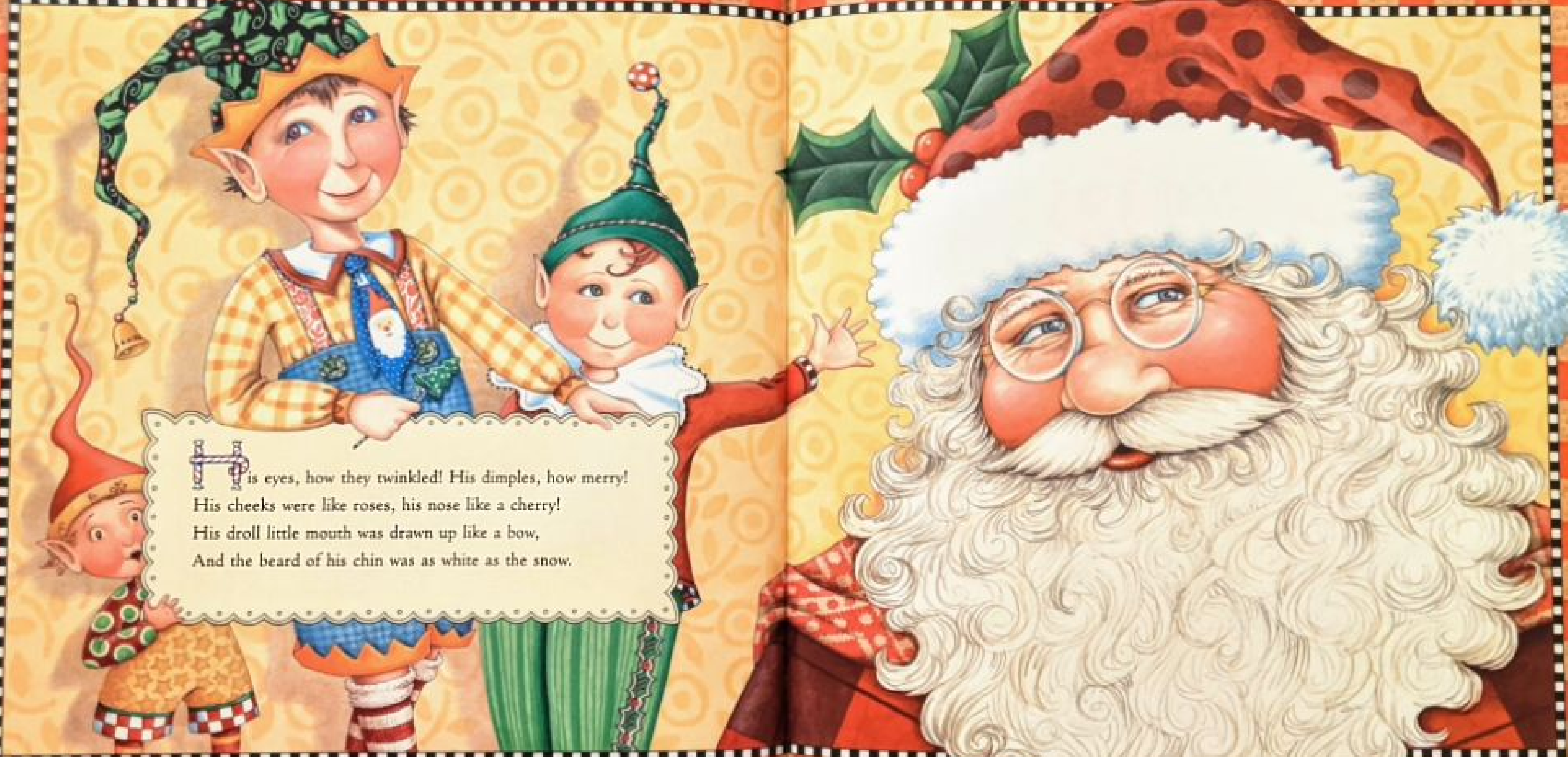
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.



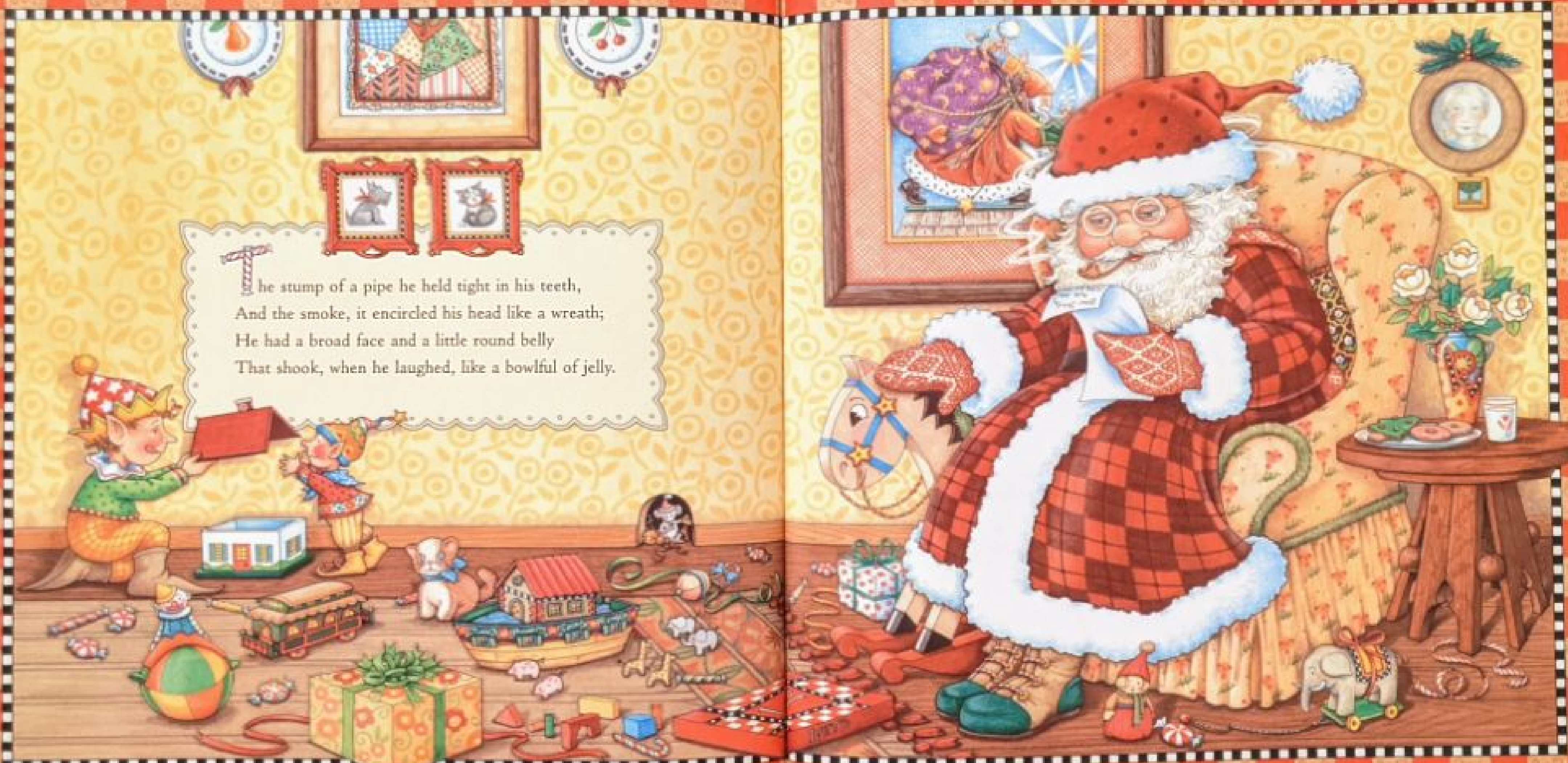
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.



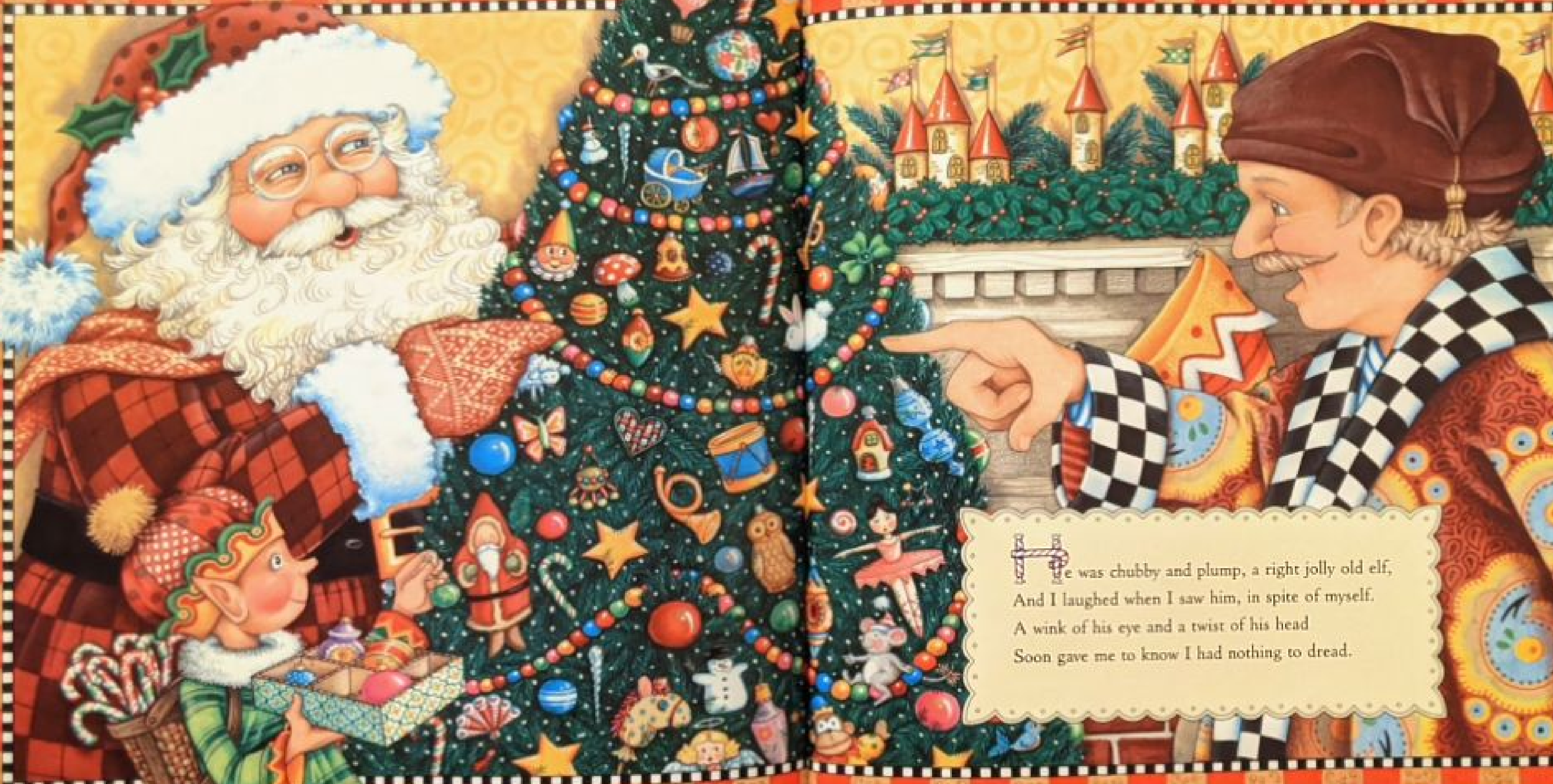
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.



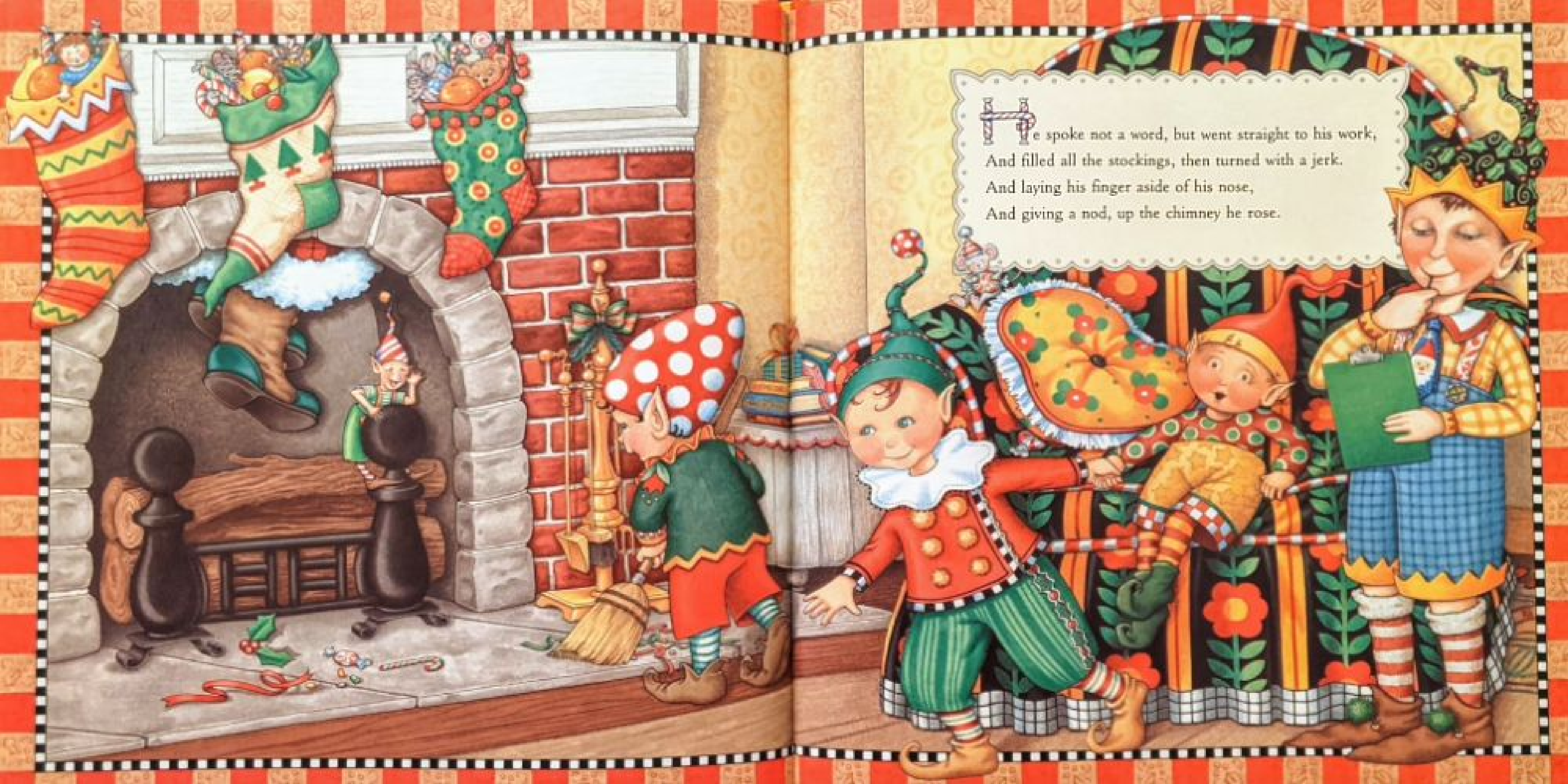
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.



The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.

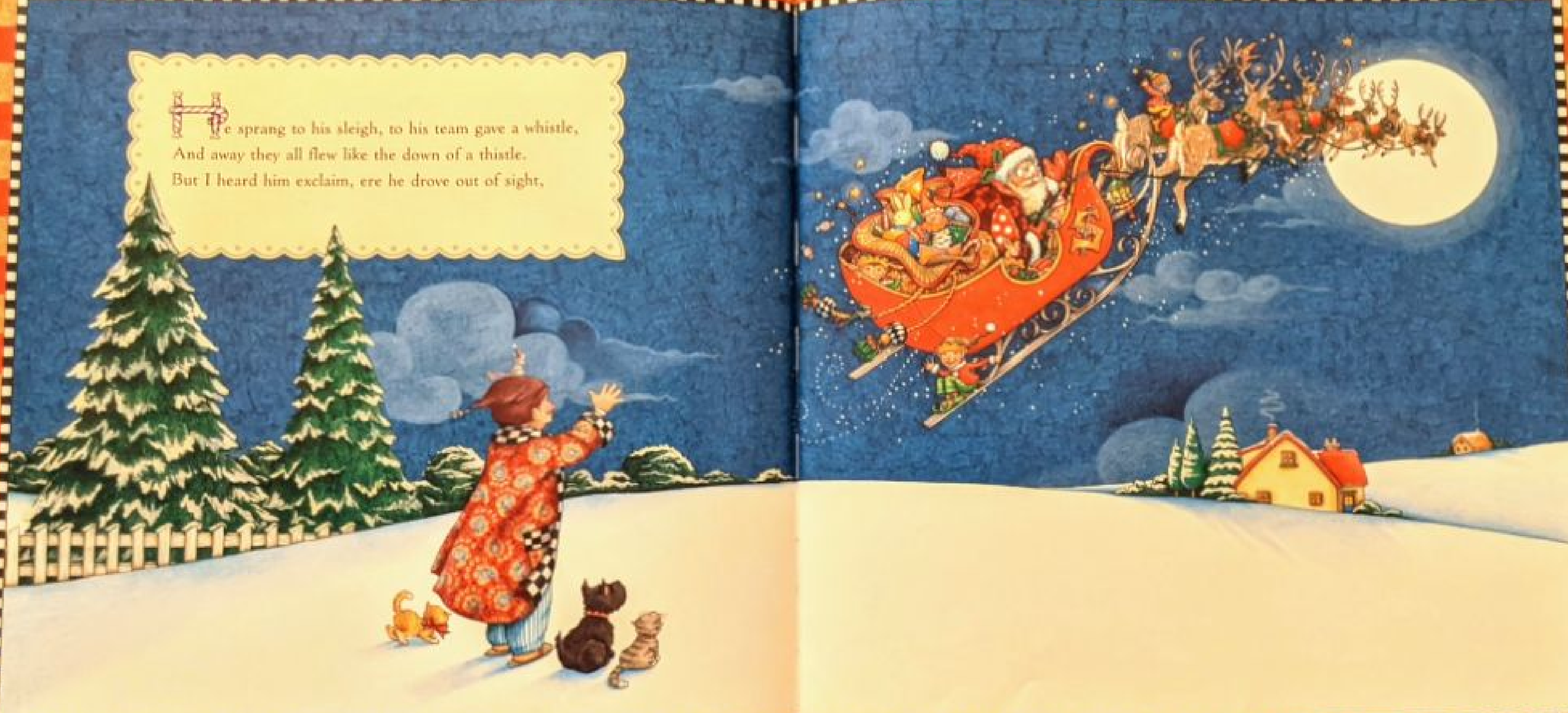


He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.



He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,



Merry Christmas to all & to all a Good Night!

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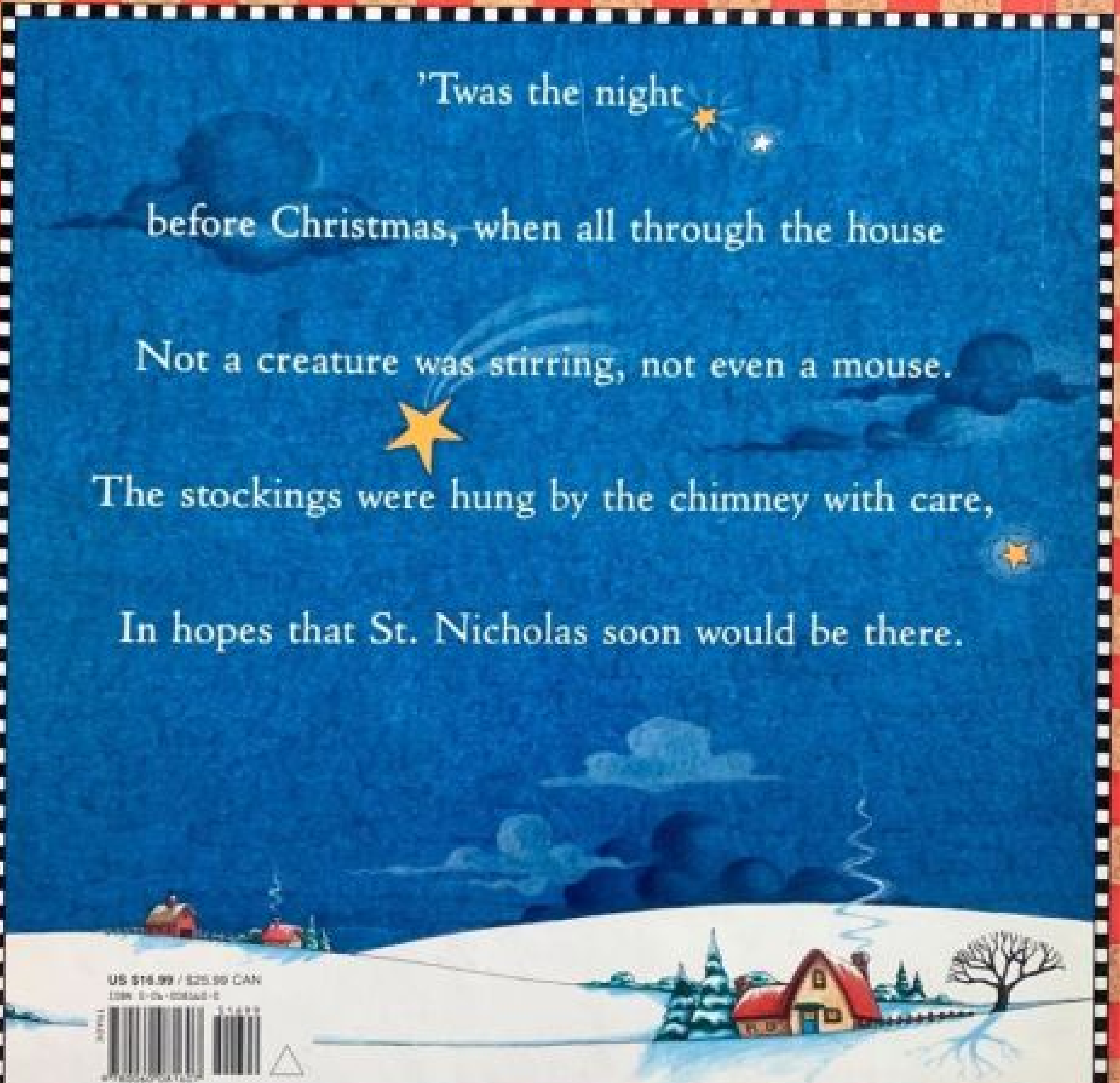

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